

S E L E C T

E. 536.k.

P S A L M S

7

F O R T H E U S E O F

P O R T M A N - C H A P E L ,

N E A R

P O R T M A N - S Q U A R E .



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MDCCLXXXIV.

1871

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PSALM I.

Blest is the Man whose constant feet, Strait in the Paths of

4 3 6 6 5 6

goodness tread; who with the Proud ne'er takes his

6 6 6 6 6 6 7 6

feet, nor is by strife or malice led. who with the

6 6 5 5 6 6 6 5 6 5 4 3 4 3

Proud ne'er takes his feet, nor is by strife or malice led.

:S: 7 4 3 2 6 6 5 6 4 3 :S:

2 3 beam,

He like a tree, whose fruit & shade	But ne'er shall peace, with chearing
Amplify the Planter's toil repays,	Illume the Sinner's guilty mind:
Shall flourish still; his leaf ne'er fade,	His flatt'ring hopes fly like a dream.
And peace & joy shall crown his days.	Scatter'd like chaff before the wind.

4

In that great day, when God appears,
How shall the Wicked Judgment meet;
While good men, free from guilt & fear,
Shall enter into bliss complete.

PSALM XIX.

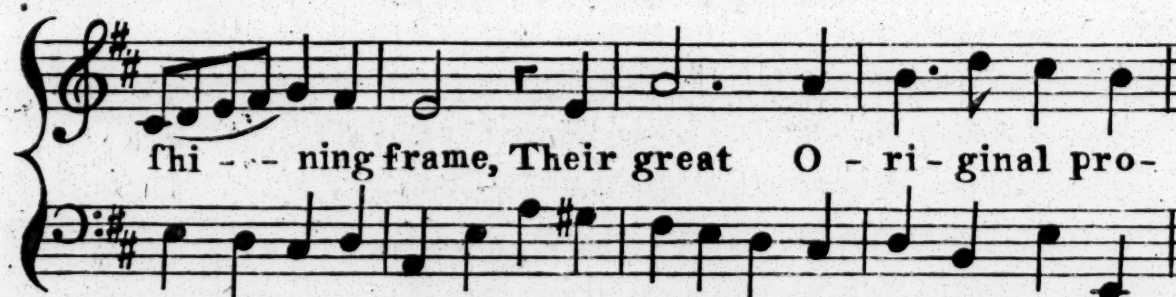
Andante



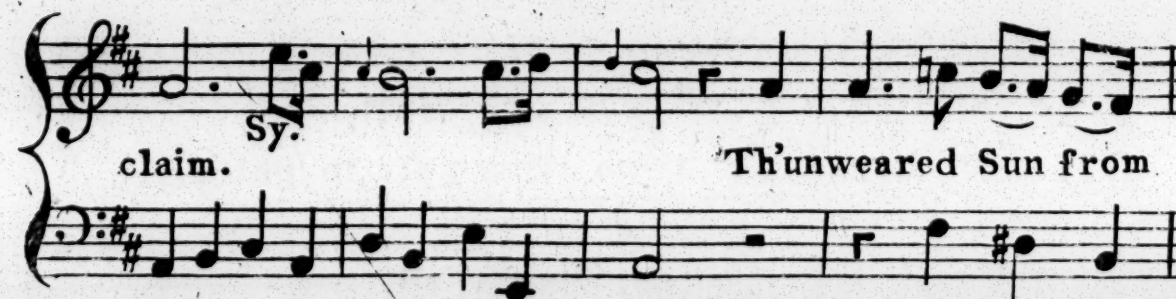
The spacious Fir-ma-ment on high, And



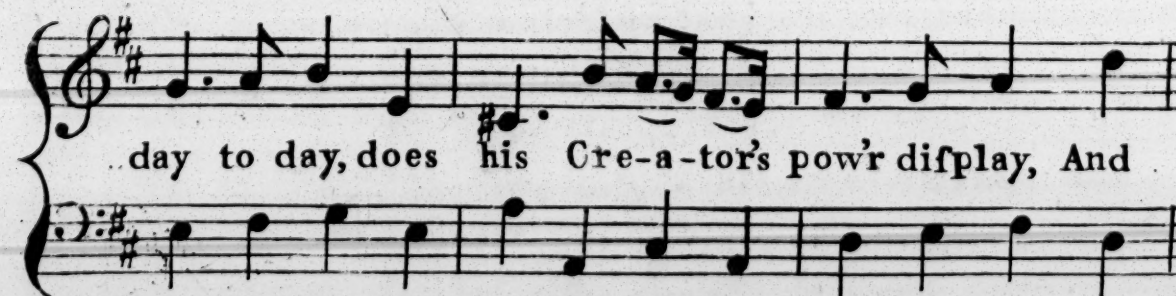
all the blue e-therial Sky, And spangled heav'ns a



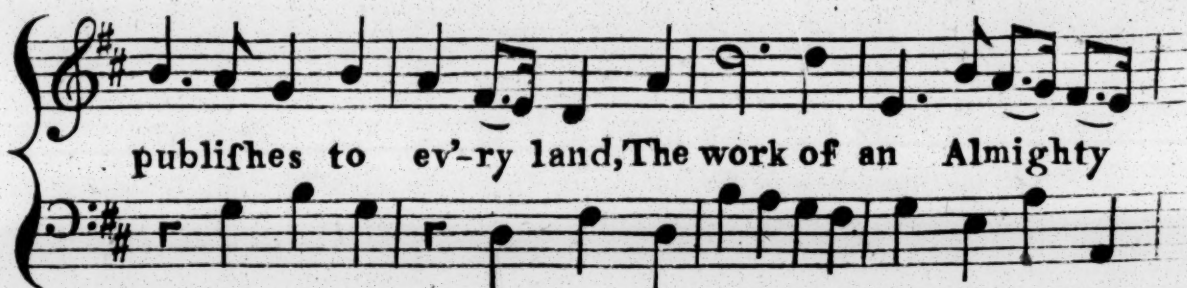
shi-ning frame, Their great O-ri-ginal pro-



claim. Sy. Th'unworn Sun from



day to day, does his Cre-a-tor's pow'r display, And



2

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The Moon takes up the wondrous tale;
 And nightly to the list'ning earth,
 Repeats the story of her birth:
 Whilst all the Stars that round her burn,
 And all the Planets in their turn;
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3

What tho' in solemn silence all,
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
 What tho' no real voice or sound,
 Amid their radiant orbs be found?
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice;
 For ever singing as they shine,
 The hand that made us is divine.

PSALM XXXIV.



Thro' all the changing scenes of life, In trouble and in joy; The

Thro' all the changing scenes of life, In trouble and in joy; The

praises of my God shall still, my heart & tongue employ, my heart & tongue employ.

praises of my God shall still, my heart & tongue employ, my heart & tongue employ.

2

Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all who are distrest;
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

3

Oh! make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide,
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

4

The crooked paths of Vice decline,
And Virtue's paths pursue;
Establish peace, where 'tis begun,
And where 'tis lost renew.

5

Fear him ye Saints, and ye will then,
Have nothing else to fear;
Make ye his service your delight,
He'll make your Wants his care.

PSALM V.

Lord hear the voice of my complaint, Accept my secret pray'r; To

thee a-lone my King, my God, Will I for help re-pair.

Thou shalt employ my midnight thoughts;
 And with the dawning-day,
 To thee devoutly I'll look up,
 To thee devoutly pray.

3

Oft to thy house will I resort
 To taste thy mercies there;
 To hear the wonders of thy love,
 And worship in thy fear.

4

O may thy Spirit guide my feet
 In virtue's happy way;
 Make ev'ry path of duty straight,
 And teach me to obey.

5

To them, who put their trust in thee,
 Thy care thou wilt extend;
 And with thy love the good and just
 As with a Shield defend.

PSALM VIII.

Lord how glorious is thy Name, Whose pow'r the

Heav'n's and Earth proclaim; Thy glory thou hast set on

high, A - bove the regions of the Sky; Thou

Thalt the Infants voices raise, In pow'rful notes to

hymn thy praise, Till e'en thine e - - nemies confess, thy
works thy heav'nly pow'r ex - press.

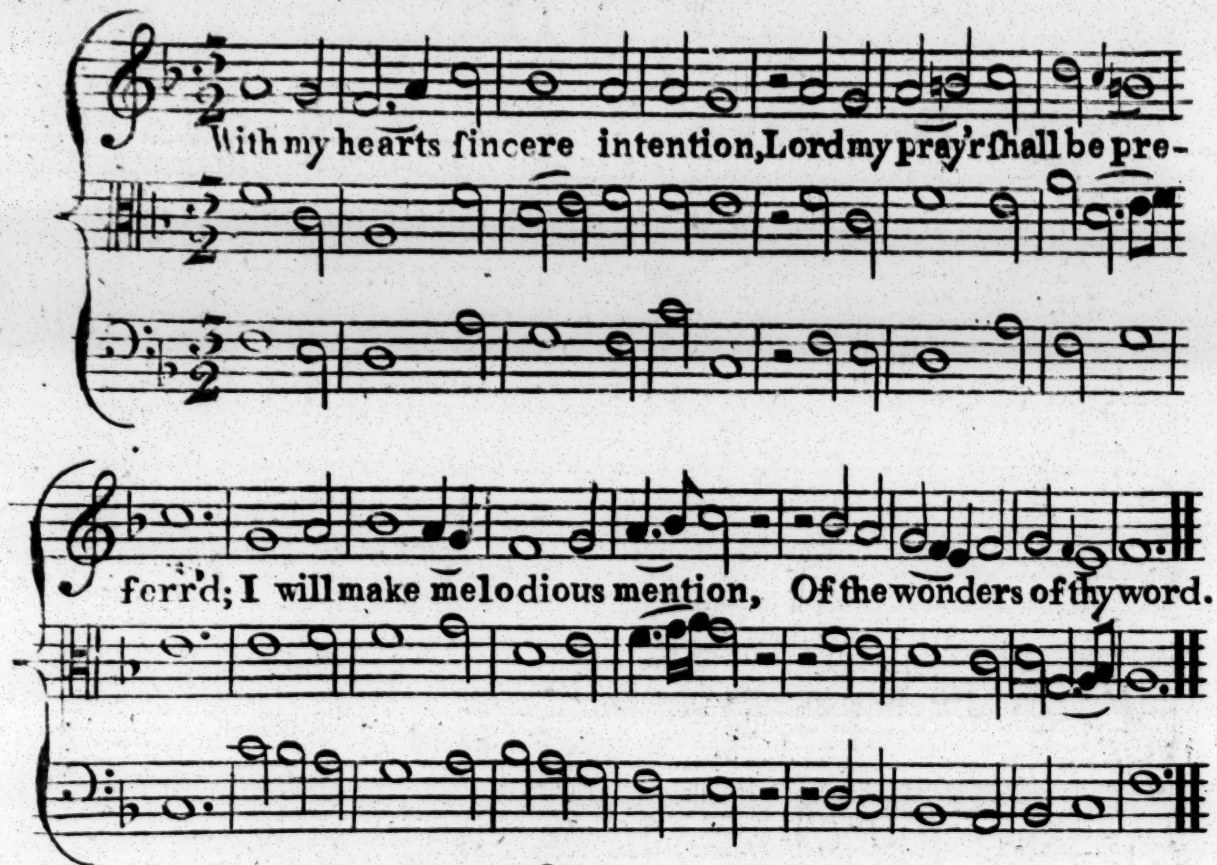
2

When we the glorious Fabrick see,
Sun, Moon, and Stars dispos'd by thee;
Oh! what is Man, or his frail race,
That thou should'st such a shadow grace.
Angelic hosts the heav'ns contain;
But Man was form'd on Earth to reign;
Whate'er on Earth thy Hand has made,
Was under his Dominion laid.

3

The herds that plough the fertile Field;
The Flocks that fleecy tribute yield;
All that on Dales or Mountains feed,
That shady Woods or Defarts breed:
All that thro' Æther wing their way,
Or in the rolling Ocean play:
Lord how glorious is thy Name,
Whose pow'r the Heav'ns and Earth proclaim.

PSALM IX.



2

In thy works I find new pleasure,
 Joys which words cannot exprefs;
 And with raptures beyond measure
 Thy great name, my God, I'll blefs.

3

On a throne of true perfection
 Thou dost hold a righteous reign;
 And by thy divine protection
 My just cause thou wilt maintain.

4

O that I may never frustrate
 Mercies flowing from above;
 Let my words and life illustrate
 All the dictates of thy love.

5

Thou wilt hear the meek petition,
 And relieve the poor oppress'd:
 Thou dost know the heart's contrition,
 And wilt give the weary rest.

6

They, who cherish true repentance,
 With a Father's love will meet;
 And receive a gracious sentence
 At thy awful Judgment-seat.

PSALM XIII.

How long, O my God, shall I plead, Nor thou for thy
 fervant de-clare? And wilt thou for e-ver re-cede, For
 e-ver be hid from my pray'r?

2

How long shall my poor troubled breast
 Thy absence thus heavily mourn?
 O wilt thou then leave me opprest,
 And never — O never return?

3

Hear, Lord, and soon give me relief;
 For if thou withhold thy kind light,
 My heart will be broken with grief,
 And I overwhelm'd in dark night.

4

Shall the pow'rs of darkness rejoice
 Triumphant then over my fall?
 O raise me again with thy voice,
 And all my dear comforts recall.

5

Whatever my fears may suggest,
 Thy love shall my tongue still employ;
 For thou art my hope and my rest;
 Thou only my hope and my joy.

P S A L M XV.

Lord who shall gain the realms of Love, The mansions
of thy grace? Who shall ascend the heavens a-
bove, And dwell be-fore thy face? The Man whose
hands are pure and clean Whose thoughts all wrong disclaim;

Pia. *Sy.* *For.* *Sy.*

Figured bass notation (numbers 1-7) is present below the piano part of each system.

Pia.

Whose lips speak on - - ly what they

mean, Whose life is free from blame, Whose lips speak on - ly

what they mean, Whose life is free from blame.

'Tis he, who with rich virtues crown'd,
 Still keeps a lowly heart; wound
 Whose tongue will ne'er his neighbour
 With slander's venom'd dart.
 Who never pledg'd his word in vain;
 Whose vows have firmly stood:
 Who whate'er loss he may sustain
 Will make his promise good.

'Tis he who ne'er will grind the poor
 But pities the distress;
 Sweet Charity attends his door
 And makes the wretched blest
 This man shall gain the realms of ^{Love}
 Shall reach heav'n's high abode
 And dwell in those blest seats above
 For ever with his God.

PSALM XVIII.

O God sole object of our love, Our refuge from our

foes; Our hope, our fortrefs, our defence, Our ha - ven of re-

Pia. For. pcse, Our hope, our fortrefs, our defence, Our haven of - repose.

When danger, misery & death
 Encompas'd us around;
 In midst of terror & despair,
 Thy mercies still we found.

3

The Lord descendeth from above,
 And bows the heav'ns most high;
 And underneath his feet he casts
 The darkness of the Sky.

On Cherubs wings Jehovah comes
 The helpless to redress:
 The sinking hills & trembling earth
 The righteous Judge confess.

5

He lives, (& blessed be our Rock)
 Our God, our Saviour lives;
 Strong the defence his arm bestows,
 And sweet the Peace he gives.

PSALM LI.

See a Soul with Sins encumber'd, Still re-ly-ing Lord on

thee; For thy mercies are unnumber'd, And thy goodness large & free.

2

With sincere and full confession
 All my follies I've resign'd;
 And a sense of my transgression
 Dwells for ever in my mind.

3

Make again thy sinful creature,
 With new powers me endue;
 Let thy Spirit cleanse my nature,
 And my Soul with grace renew.

4

Thou nor flocks nor herds desirest,
 Gifts like these add no desert;
 But I have, what thou requirest,
 A poor contrite broken heart.

5

This small gift will my Creator
 More than bloody off'rings prize
 Humbled hearts to him are greater
 Than the richest Sacrifice.

PSALM XXIII.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare, And feed me
The Lord my pasture shall prepare, And feed me
5 3 6 6 6 5 6 #
4 3 4 3

with a Shepherd's care; His presence shall my
with a Shepherd's care; His presence shall my
7 6 5 5 3 6
5 4 # 4

wants supply, And guard me with a watchful
wants supply, And guard me with a watchful
6 6 5 6 # 6 7 6 5
4 3

eye. My noonday
eye. My noonday
Sym. 8.

walks he shall at-tend, And all my midnight

walks he shall at-tend, And all my midnight

hours defend.

hours defend.

Sym.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
 To fertile Vales and dewy meads,
 My weary wand'ring steps he leads,
 Where peaceful rivers soft and flow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

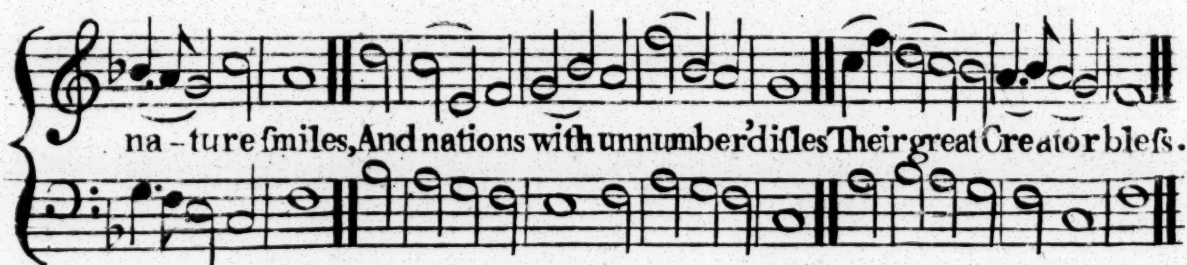
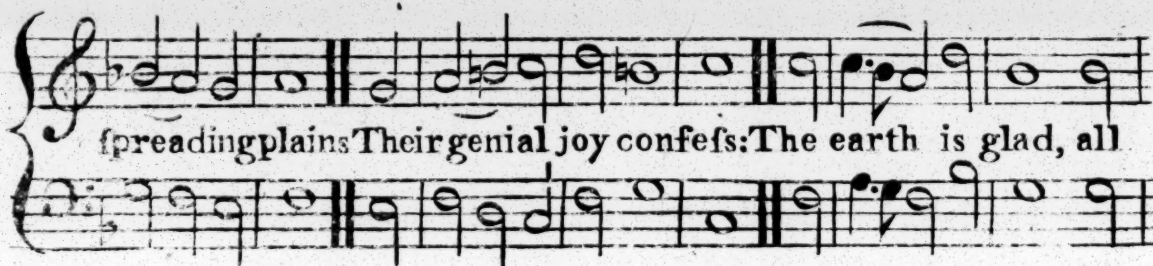
3

Tho' in the paths of Death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou O Lord, art with me still;
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me thro' the dreadful shade.

4

Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
 Thro' devious lonely wilds I stray,
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
 The barren wilderness shall smile
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
 And streams shall murmur all around.

PSALM XCVII.



2

The circling clouds of awful shade,
 And solid darkness round display'd,
 His Glory shroud in state;
 Deep are his thoughts, his ways unknown;
 Justice and truth support his throne,
 His will the Angels wait.

3

Array'd as Judge, Behold! he comes;
 His awful voice divides the tombs,
 The hills with terror quake;
 Before him burns devouring fire,
 The Mountains melt, the Seas retire,
 And earth's foundations shake.

4

But while his foes with fore dismay
 Flee from the sight and shun the day,
 With deep heart-breaking sigh:
 Lift up your heads, ye Saints; rejoice,
 Nor dread the solemn trumpet's voice,
 For your Redemption's nigh.

PSALM LVII.



O God, my heart is fix'd, is bent, It's
thankful tribute to pre-sent; And with my heart my voice I'll
raise, To thee my God, in songs of praise.

2

Awake my Glory, Harp and Lute,
No longer let your strings be mute;
And I, my tuneful part to take,
Will with the early dawn awake.

3

Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the list'ning Nations round;
Thy mercy highest Heav'n transcends,
Thy truth beyond the Clouds extends.

4

Be thou, O God, exalted high,
And as thy glory fills the Sky;
So let it be on earth display'd,
Till thou art here as there obey'd.

PSALM XXXIII.

Let all the just with fervent joy, To God their
chearful voices raise; Sy. For well the
righteous it be-comes, To sing glad songs of
grateful praise For well the righteous it be-



2

Most faithful is the word of God,
 His works with truth and love abound;
 He justice loves, and all the earth
 Is with his fruitful goodness crown'd.

3

By his Almighty word at first
 The wond'rous Arch of heav'n was rear'd;
 And all the beauteous Host of light
 Instant at his command appear'd.

4

Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees,
 Shall stand for ever wise and sure;
 The settled purpose of his will
 To endless ages shall endure.

5

O let thy gentle mercies, Lord,
 Descend like a refreshing show'r;
 For all our hopes and joys depend
 Upon thy goodness and thy pow'r.

PSALM CXXXVI.

Pia. For.

To God the mighty Lord, the mighty Lord, Your

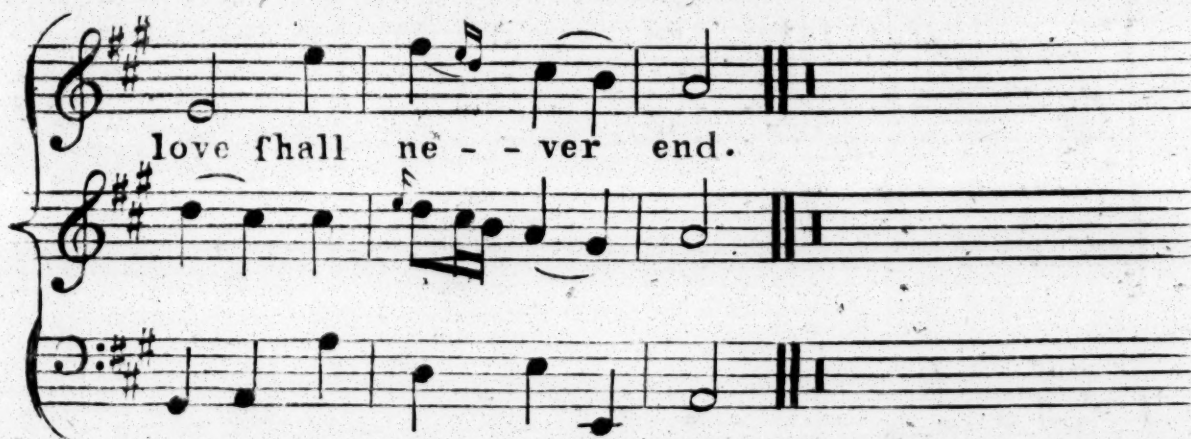
joyful thanks re - - peat; To him due praise af-

For. *h*

ford, As good as he is great, as good as *h* he is

Pia. *h*

great. For God does prove our constant friend, His



2

By his Almighty hand
Amazing works are wrought;
All things by his command
Were to perfection brought.
For God, &c.

3

He spread the Ocean round
About the spacious land;
He made the rising ground
Above the waters stand.
For God, &c.

6

To God the mighty Lord,
Your joyful thanks repeat;
To him due praise afford,
As good as he is great.
For God, &c.

4

Thro' Heaven he did display
His num'rous hosts of Light;
The Sun to rule the day,
The Moon to rule the night.
For God, &c.

5

He doth the food supply,
On which each creature lives;
He sees when danger's nigh,
And what you want he gives.
For God, &c.

PSALM XCV.

—

O come loud An - them let us

7 3 4 6 5 2 4

ing, Loud thanks to our Al - migh - - ty

6 # 6 5 4 #

King: For we our voi - - ces high should

7 3 4 6 5 2 4

raise, When we our rock, When we our

6 5 6 5

Detailed description: This is a musical score for Psalm XCV, page 22. It consists of four systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff with treble and bass clefs). The time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are: 'O come loud An - them let us sing, Loud thanks to our Al - migh - - ty King: For we our voi - - ces high should raise, When we our rock, When we our'. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5 below the notes. There are some sharp signs (#) in the piano parts, likely indicating key signatures or accidentals. The first system has a large '—' at the beginning. The piano part in the first system has a 7 3 4 6 5 2 4 fingering. The piano part in the second system has a 6 # 6 5 4 # fingering. The piano part in the third system has a 7 3 4 6 5 2 4 fingering. The piano part in the fourth system has a 6 5 6 5 fingering.



2

Into his prefence let us hafts,
 To thank him for his favours past,
 To him address, in joyful songs,
 The praise that to his name belongs.

3

The depths of earth are in his hand,
 Her secret wealth at his command;
 The strength of hills that reach the Skies
 Subjected to his Empire lies.

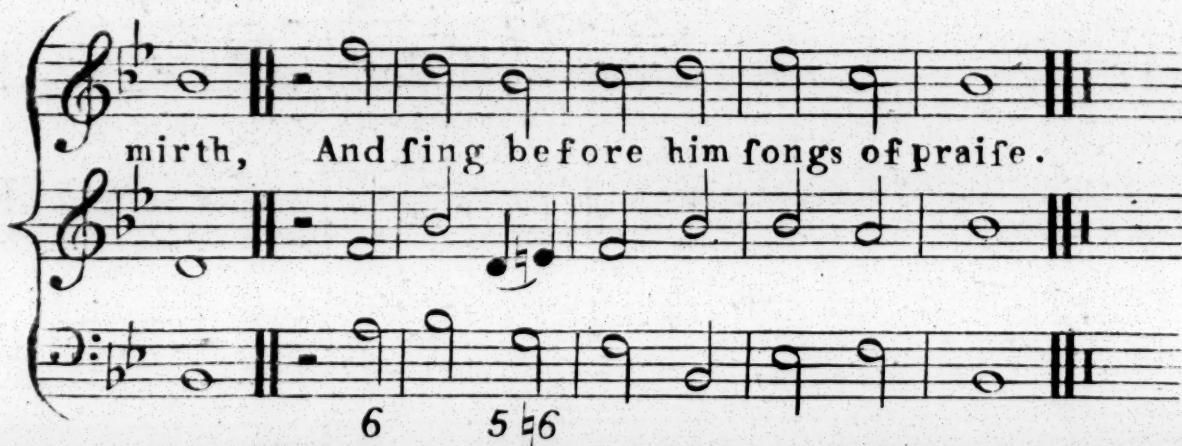
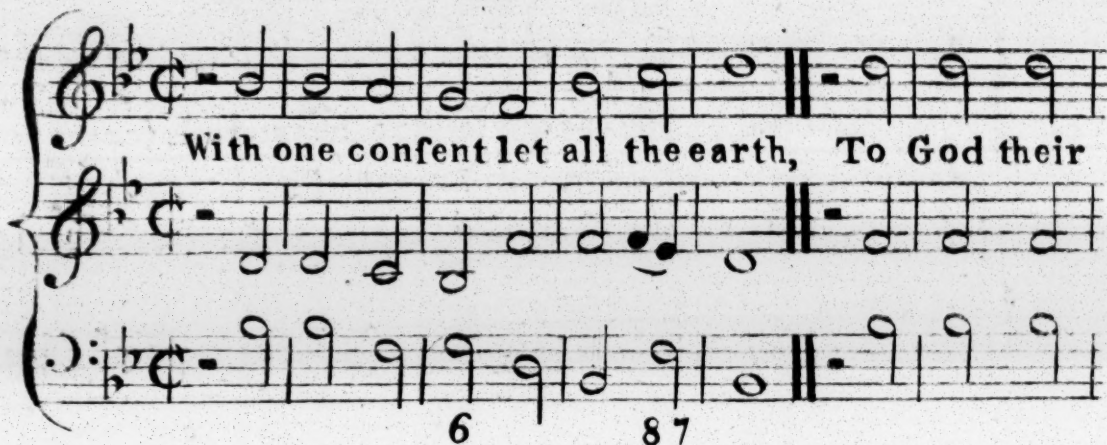
4

The rolling Ocean's vast abyfs
 By the same sov'reign right is his:
 'Tis mov'd by his Almighty hand,
 That form'd and fix'd the solid land.

5

O let us to his Courts repair,
 And bow with adoration there:
 Down on our knees devoutly all,
 Before the Lord our Maker fall.

P S A L M C.



Convinc'd that he is God alone, O enter then his Temple gate,
 From whom both we & all proceed, Thence to his courts devoutly press;
 We whom he chuses for his own, And still your grateful hymns repeat,
 The Flock that he vouchsafes to feed. And still his name with praises blest.

4

For he's the Lord supremely good,
 His mercy is for ever sure;
 His truth which always firmly stood,
 To endless Ages shall endure.

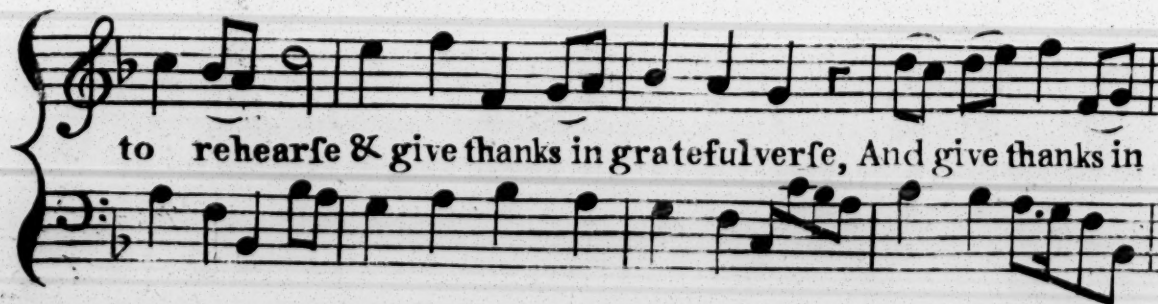
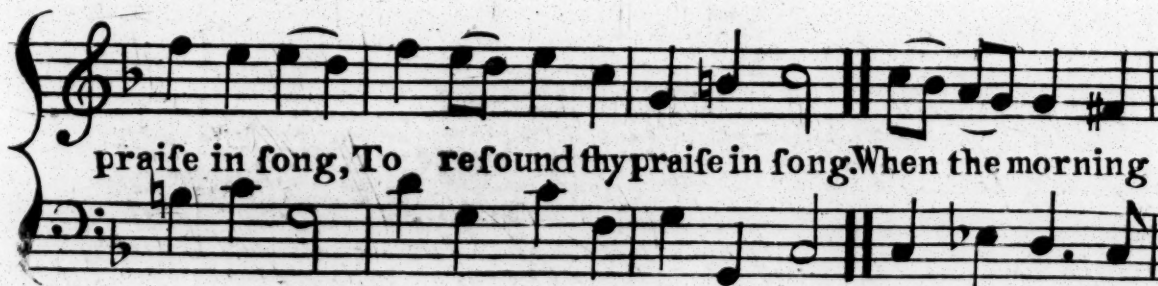
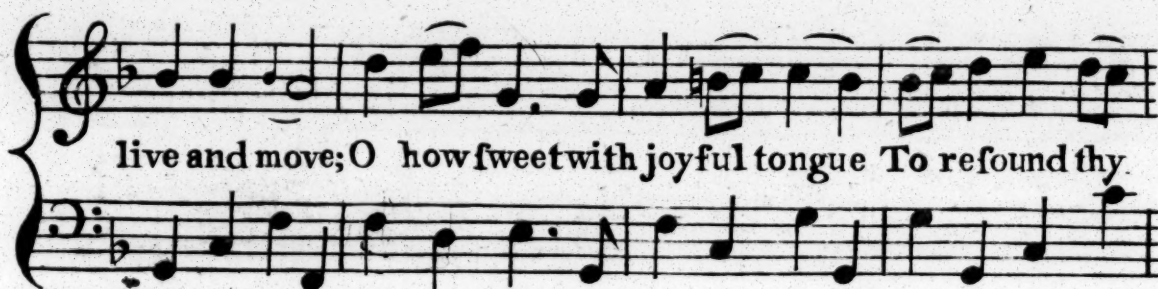
PSALM XLI.

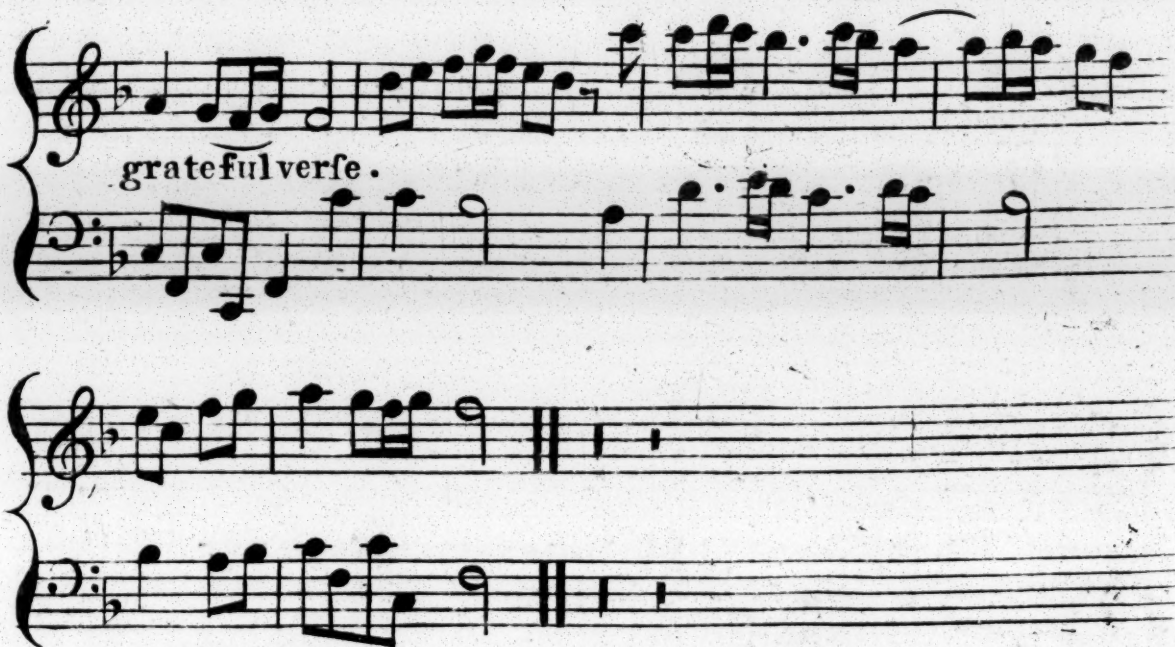
25

The Man is blest, whose tender heart Feels for the poor dis-
trest; When troubles compass him a - round, The Lord will
give him rest, - - - The Lord will give him rest.

2 The Lord his life, with blessings crown'd, In safety will prolong; And disappoint the will of those, Who seek to do him wrong. 3 Oppres'd with danger or disease, When pain his patience tries; The Lord his bed of sickness smooths, And inward strength supplies.	4 He heals his wounds, his sins forgives, His drooping fears allays; And all the mercy, he has shewn, Abundantly repays. 5 Lord, Let therefore God, our gracious From age to age be blest; And all the people's glad applause, With loud Amen's express'd.
---	--

PSALM XCII.





2

Sweet the day of sacred rest,
 When Devotion fills the breast;
 When we dwell within thy house,
 Hear thy word, and pay our vows.
 Notes to Heaven let us raise,
 Fill its courts with joyful praise;
 Let repeated hymns proclaim
 Great Jehovah's awful name.

3

From thy works our joys arise,
 O thou only good and wise!
 Who thy wonders can declare?
 How profound thy counsels are!
 Warm our hearts with sacred fire,
 Grateful fervors still inspire;
 All our pow'rs, with all their might,
 Ever in thy praise unite.

PSALM CXII.

Bleft is the Man, who fears the Lord, Love's

his - com-mands, and trusts his word; Peace shall his

days at-tend. His house the seat of wealth shall

be, And honours of fu-preme de-gree Shall



2

Sweet pity dwells within his mind;
 To works of mercy still inclin'd,
 He doth his alms extend:
 In ev'ry character complete,
 In all his acts and words discreet,
 To all a common friend.

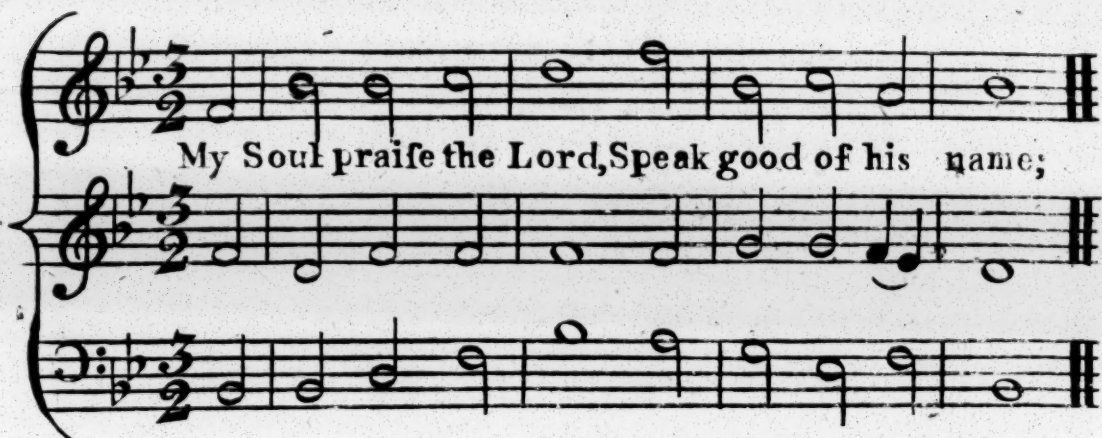
3

His hands, while they his alms bestow,
 His glory's future harvest sow,
 For his reward is sure;
 The sweet remembrance of the just
 Shall flourish, when he sleeps in dust,
 And ever shall endure.

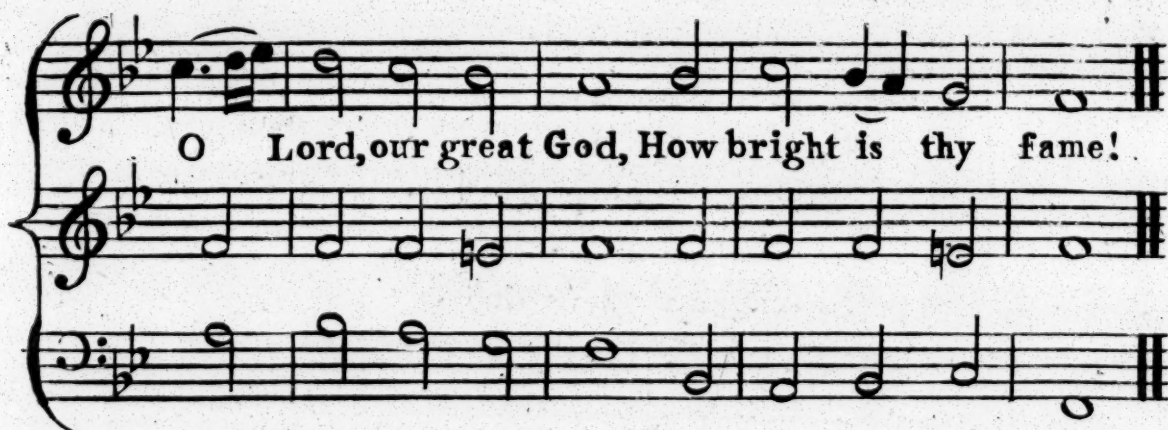
4

Beset with threaten'g dangers round,
 Unmov'd he still maintains his ground;
 No tidings him surprize:
 The Soul, that's fill'd with Virtue's light,
 Shines brightest in affliction's night,
 And still on God relies.

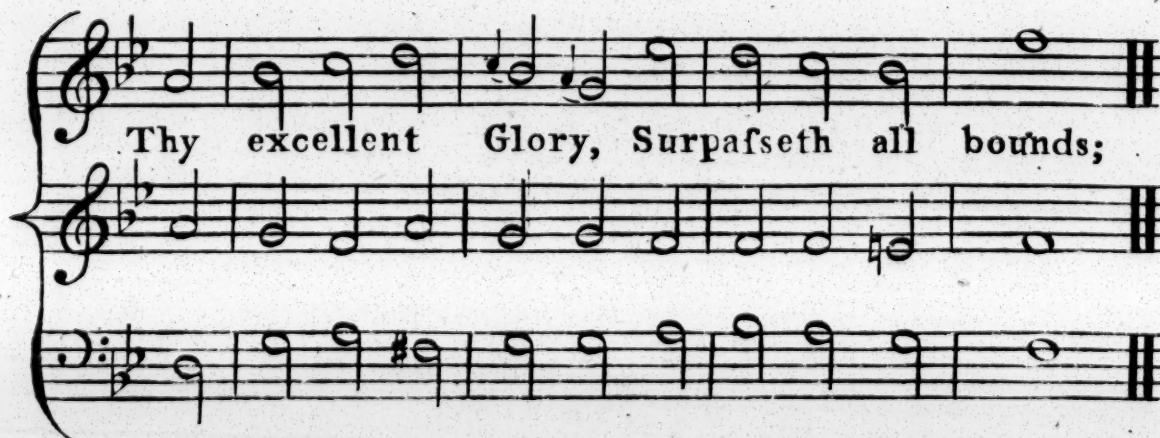
PSALM CIV.



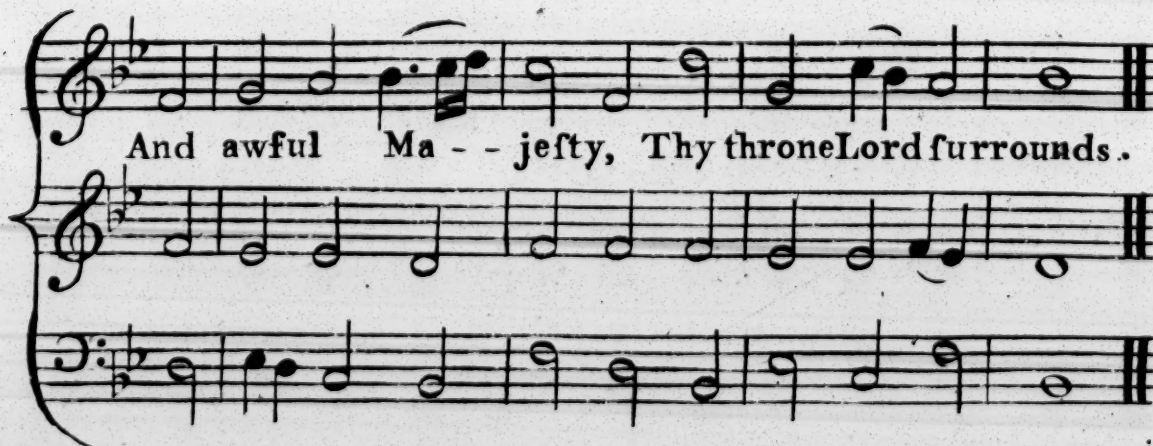
My Soul praise the Lord, Speak good of his name;



O Lord, our great God, How bright is thy fame!



Thy excellent Glory, Surpasseth all bounds;



And awful Ma - - jesty, Thy throne Lord surrounds.

2

With light as a robe,
 Thou'rt richly array'd;
 And thou hast the Skies
 Like curtains, display'd:
 On clouds in the Heavens
 Thy palace-beams lie;
 And on Wings of the Wind
 Abroad thou dost fly.

3

As bright as the flame,
 As swift as the air,
 The Angels with joy
 Thy embassies bear:
 The earth still her place keeps,
 And firm ever stands;
 The Seas know their limits
 First mark'd by thy hands.

4

All creatures that live
 Live only by thee;
 If thou hide thy face,
 They all cease to be:
 If thou open thy hand,
 They're amply supplied;
 Thy Providence richly
 For all doth provide.

5

While life I possess
 Thy goodness I'll praise;
 And with all my pow'rs
 My grateful songs raise:
 O love thy Creator,
 Exalt his great name,
 And let Men and Angels
 His praises proclaim.

PSALM CXXXIX.

By strictest search thou Lord hast known, My rising up my lying
down; My secret thoughts are known to thee, known long before conceived by me.

2

Within thy circling pow'r I stand,
On ev'ry side I find thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
Still I perceive a present God.

3

If mounted on a morning ray
Beyond the West I'd wing my way;
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.

4

Or should I try to shun thy sight,
Beneath the fable veil of night;
One glance of thine, one piercing ray
The darkest night would change to day.

5

Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
The pow'r of numbers to recount;
Far sooner could I reckon o'er
The sands that make the Ocean's shore.

6

Search me, O Lord; and cleanse my heart,
If evil lurk in any part
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in thy perfect way.

PSALM CV.

O render thanks & blefs the Lord, invoke his facred name:

Acquaint the nations with his deeds, His matchlefs deeds proclaim.

6 6 6 4 6 6 5 4 #

6 6 6 6 4 #

2

Sing to his praise in lofty hymns,
 His wondrous works rehearse;
 Make them the theme of your discourse,
 The subject of your verse.

3

Rejoice in his Almighty name,
 Alone to be ador'd;
 Let all their hearts o'erflow with joy,
 Who humbly seek the Lord.

4

O let the works, his hands have wrought,
 Your admiration move;
 Think on the judgments of his mouth,
 And wonders of his love.

5

For all thy mercies, O my God,
 My songs of praise I'll pay;
 And thro' my life, with grateful heart,
 Thy sacred laws obey.

PSALM CXI.

Songs of immortal praise belong, To my al-

migh - ty God; He has my heart and he my tongue, To

spread his name abroad. How great the works his hand has

wrought, How glorious in - our fight. And men in ev'ry

age have fought His wonders with de-light.

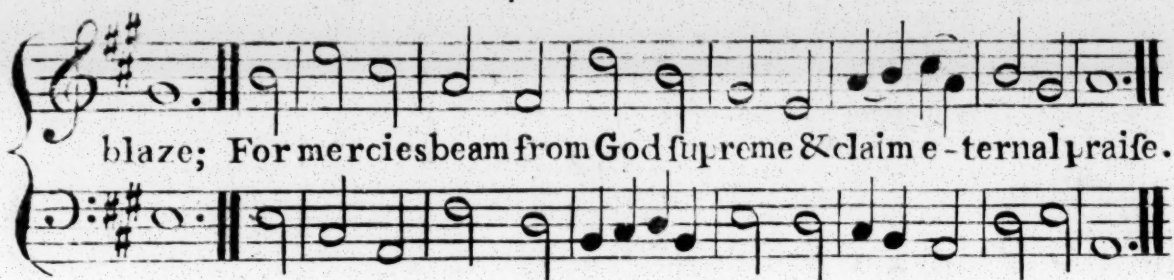
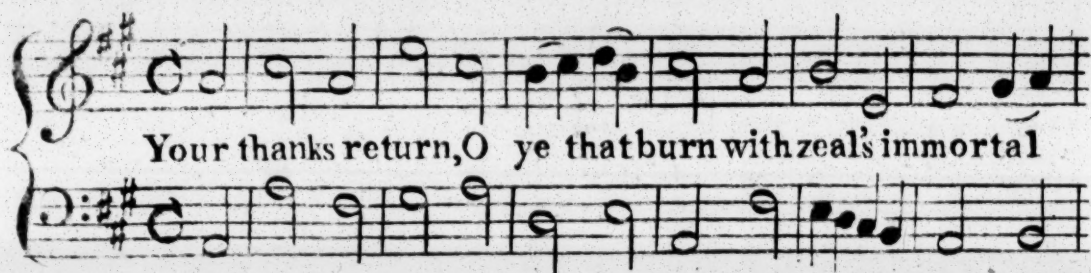
2

How perfect is all nature's frame!
 How wise th'eternal mind!
 His counsels still approve the scheme
 That his first thoughts design'd.
 When he redeem'd his chosen sons,
 He fix'd his cov'nant sure:
 The orders that his lips pronounce
 To endless years endure.

3

Nature and time, and earth and skies
 His heav'nly skill proclaim:
 What shall we do to make us wise,
 But learn to read his name?
 To fear his pow'r, to trust his grace
 Is our divinest skill;
 And he's the wisest of our race
 Who best obeys his will.

PSALM CVII.



2

O that our race,
Taught by thy grace,
Would bear a thankful mind;
And joyful own
His wonders shewn
In goodness to mankind.

3

The men, who go
Now high, now low,
Thro' dang'rous Seas abroad;
Each day and hour
Behold the pow'r
And mercy of their God.

4

With frequent flocks
The vessel rocks,
All sink oppress'd with grief;
When Death is nigh,
To God they cry,
And thus obtain relief.

5

The winds that blow,
The tides that flow,
Move only by his will;
And all the rage
Of storms assuage,
When he says, PEACE, BE STILL.

6

O steer us, Lord,
By thy sure word,
And make all storms to cease;
The haven shew,
To which we go,
And bless us with thy peace.

PSALM CIII.

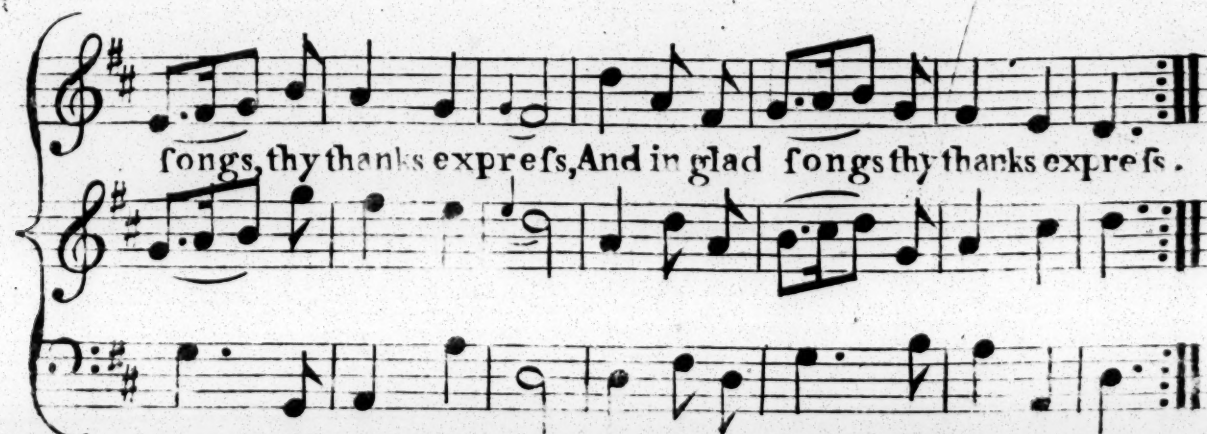
37



My Soul inspir'd with sacred love, Gods holy name for



e-ver bless; Of all his favors mindful prove, And in glad



songs, thy thanks expresses, And in glad songs thy thanks expresses.

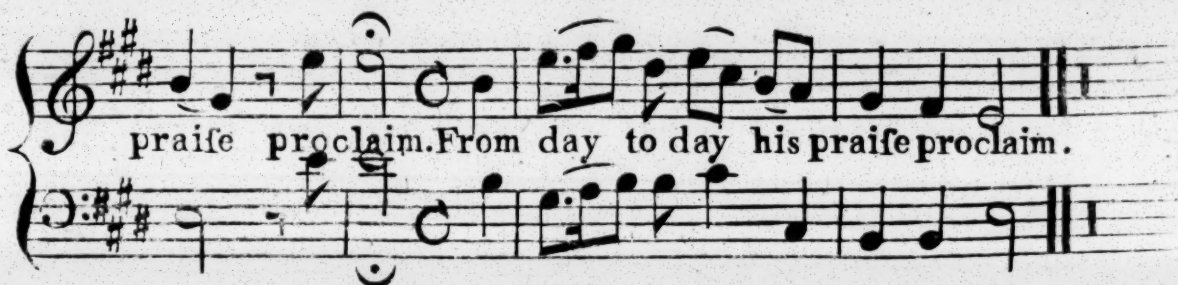
2	'Tis he, that all thy sins forgives; 'Tis he, that fills thy breast with joy; From danger he thy life retrieves, He can restore, and he destroy.	3	As high as heav'n its arch extends Above this little spot of clay; So much his boundless love tran- The small respects which we can
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4

Before his throne, ye sons of light,
His great perfections still adore;
And praise that love with new delight,
Which shall endure, when time's no more.

PSALM XCVI.

O sing new songs of sa-cred praise, In choicest
psalms your voices raise; Let the Al-mighty's fame be
sung Thro' ev'-ry clime, by ev'-ry tongue. Where-
er the circling Sun displays His ri-sing beams or
set-ting rays, O sing and blefs Je-hovah's name From
day to day his praise proclaim, from day to day his



2

He form'd the Globe, he built the Sky,
 He made the shining worlds on high;
 His glorious majesty revere,
 Him only love, him only fear.
 To worship at his holy court
 Let all the trembling world resort;
 With grateful hearts surround his throne,
 For God is King, and he alone.

3

He comes to Judge with awful state,
 And fix Man's everlasting fate;
 But how shall I my sentence hear,
 When graves are burst, and all appear!
 Let mercy then prevail, O Lord,
 The mercy promis'd in thy word;
 O then my Soul to heav'n restore,
 Where joy shall dwell for evermore.

PSALM CXLVIII.

Ye boundless realms of joy, Ex-alt your

Ma-kers fame; His praise your song em-ploy,

A-bove the Starry frame. Your voices

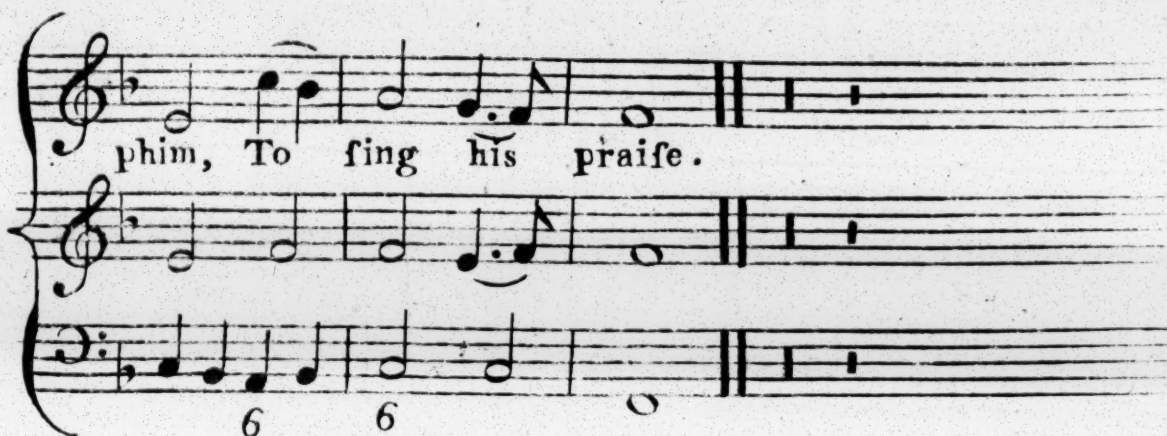
raise, Ye Che-ru-bim, and Se--ra-

6 6 5 6

5 6 6 5 6 5

6 4 5# 6

6 6 6 5 6 5 6 5 6



2

Thou Moon that rul'st the Night,
 And Sun that guid'st the Day,
 Ye glitt'ring Stars of light,
 To him your homage pay,
 His praise declare,
 Ye heav'ns above,
 And clouds that move
 In liquid air.

3

Let them adore the Lord,
 And praise his holy name,
 By whose almighty word
 They all from nothing came;
 And all shall last,
 From changes free,
 His firm decree
 Stands ever fast.

4

United zeal be shown
 His wond'rous fame to raise,
 Whose glorious name alone
 Deserves our endless praise:
 Earth's utmost ends
 His pow'r obey,
 His glorious sway
 Thy Sky transcends.

PSALM CXLVII.

Ho - san - na! mu - sic is di -

Ho - san - na! mu - sic is di -

6 7 7

vine, When in the praise - - the Psalmists.

vine, When in the praise

6 — 4 3

join, - - And each good heart is

the Psalmists join, And each good heart is

5 6 — 4 3 6 5 6 — #

2

warm; Yea joy - - is sweetest fo - - re -

warm; Yea joy is sweetest fo re -

6 6 4 — 5 3 5

new'd, And all - the rites of gra - - ti

new'd, And all - the rites of gra - - ti-

tude, 'Tis rap - - ture to per - form.

tude, 'Tis rap - ture to per - form.

2

Sing praises all degrees and ranks;
 In cheerful songs, in fervent thanks,
 Let all the Church unite;
 Exalt your heart, exalt your voice,
 In God, the source of good, rejoice,
 In God, your sole delight

3

O Sion praise the Lord, and thou
 Fair Salem to thy Sovereign bow
 Thine Olives and thy Palms;
 Are there afflicted? let them pray,
 But mirth shall dedicate her day
 To Hymns and festive Psalms.

PSALM CXIX.

How blest are they who al-ways keep, The
pure and perfect way; Who ne-ver from the
fa-cred paths, Of Gods com-mandments stray.

2 steps
O that the Lord would guide my
To keep his precepts still.

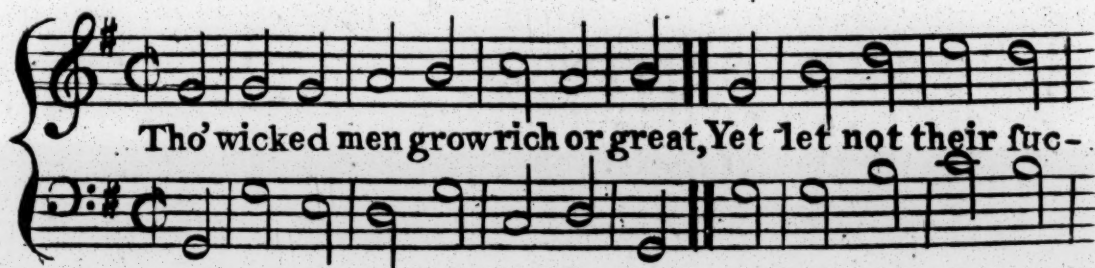
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will.

3
To me, O Lord, thy word reveal;
Thy heav'nly truth impart;
Thy work for ever I'll pursue,
Thy law shall rule my heart

4
Then with assurance shall I walk
From all confusion free;
Convinced with joy, that all my works
With thy commands agree.

5
And while my heart with comfort glows,
I'll teach the world thy ways;
And my glad lips inspir'd with zeal
Shall loud pronounce thy praise

PSALM XXXVII.



2

The Judge supreme with zeal obey,
His goodness trust from day to day,
In danger or in want;
Make his commands thy chief delight,
And he thy duty to requite,
Will all thy wishes grant.

3

He's always safe, who's doing good;
God will provide him needful food,
And ev'ry blessing send;
His mercy crowns his nights and days;
True pleasure runs thro' all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

The EASTER HYMN.

JESUS CHRIST is ris'n to day, Hal - - - le - lu - jah,

Our triumphant Holy-day, Hal - - - le - lu - jah,

Who so lately on the Cross, Hal - - - le - lu - jah,

Suffer'd to redeem our Lofs, Hal - - - le - lu - jah.

2

Hymns of Praises let us sing,
 Unto Christ our Heav'nly King,
 Who endur'd the Cross and Grave,
 Sinners to redeem and save. Hallelujah.

3

But the Anguish he endur'd,
 Our Salvation has procur'd,
 Now he reigns above the Sky,
 Where the Angels ever cry Hallelujah.

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MUSEUM

I N D E X.

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15	Lord, who shall gain the Realms of Love -	20
18	O God, sole Object of our Love - -	12
19	The spacious Firmament on high - -	2
23	The Lord my Pasture shall prepare - -	14
33	Let all the Just with fervent Joy - -	18
34	Through all the changing Scenes of Life -	4
37	Though wicked Men grow rich or great -	45
41	The Man is blest, whose tender Heart -	25
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57	O God, my Heart is fix'd, is bent - -	17
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14 DECEMBER 1964

